

MARVEL

12

LGY#438

MacKAY
BEYRUTH
DÍAZ

DOCTOR STRANGE



STORIES.

—PERHAPS
WE HAVE CHOSEN
POORLY IN YOU,
STEPHEN
STRANGE.

PERHAPS
YOU HAVE,
HOGGOTH.

WHAT SORT
OF SORCERER
SUPREME DO YOU
WISH FOR, OH
VISHANTIP?

FOR YOU
HAVE MADE STEPHEN
STRANGE A KILLER
AND YOU WERE
DISPLEASED.

AND NOW
STEPHEN STRANGE
THE DOCTOR INVITES
YOUR DISPLEASURE BY
NOT KILLING?

LOVE STORIES.

YES, THE
TRINITY.

A
GREAT
EVIL.

WHO WERE
OF MORE AID
THAN YOU.

BUT
TREATING WITH
THE TRINITY OF
ASHES—

WAR
STORIES.

AND, OF
COURSE...

YOU DARE
LECTURE THE
VISHANTI, STEPHEN
STRANGE?!



DOC AND THE
VISHANTI, *BARKING*
AT EACH OTHER.

HAPPENS ALL
THE *TIME* NOW.

DUNNO WHAT'S
GONNA COME OF
IT. BUT THAT'S NOT
MY BUSINESS.



I'M A *DOG*.

≡SNIFF
≡SNIFF



THAT MEANS
ALL I CARE ABOUT
IS LOOKING AFTER
MY PEOPLE.

SO THAT'S
WHY I'M
WAITING HERE.







STEPHEN,
WE ARE
REQUIRED!

MINDLESS
ONES ARE AFOOT
ON THIS "BROAD WAY"
OF YOURS!



AGAIN?

BY THE
HOARY HOSTS
OF--


NEVER MIND.

DOC, ABOUT
WHAT I WAS
SAYING--



HOW
DOES THIS KEEP
HAPPENING,
CLEA?

WOULD
THAT I KNEW,
DARLING.



AWW,
NEVER MIND.

GOOD
LUCK, DOC.

DOCTOR STRANGE

PREVIOUSLY...

As Sorcerer Supreme, Stephen Strange acts as Earth's mystic defender and consultant to the heroes of Earth in all things magic. In his adventures, he's encountered all sorts of odd and unusual beings, including the ghost of a very good basset hound named Bats, who haunts the Sanctum Sanctorum as Stephen's loyal pet.

Now Stephen, his wife, Clea, and their faithful ghost dog look forward to a moment of relative peace, to enjoy the world that they sought to protect. But with external threats quieted, Doctor Strange must find time to deal with the dangers within his own household...

"GHOST STORY"

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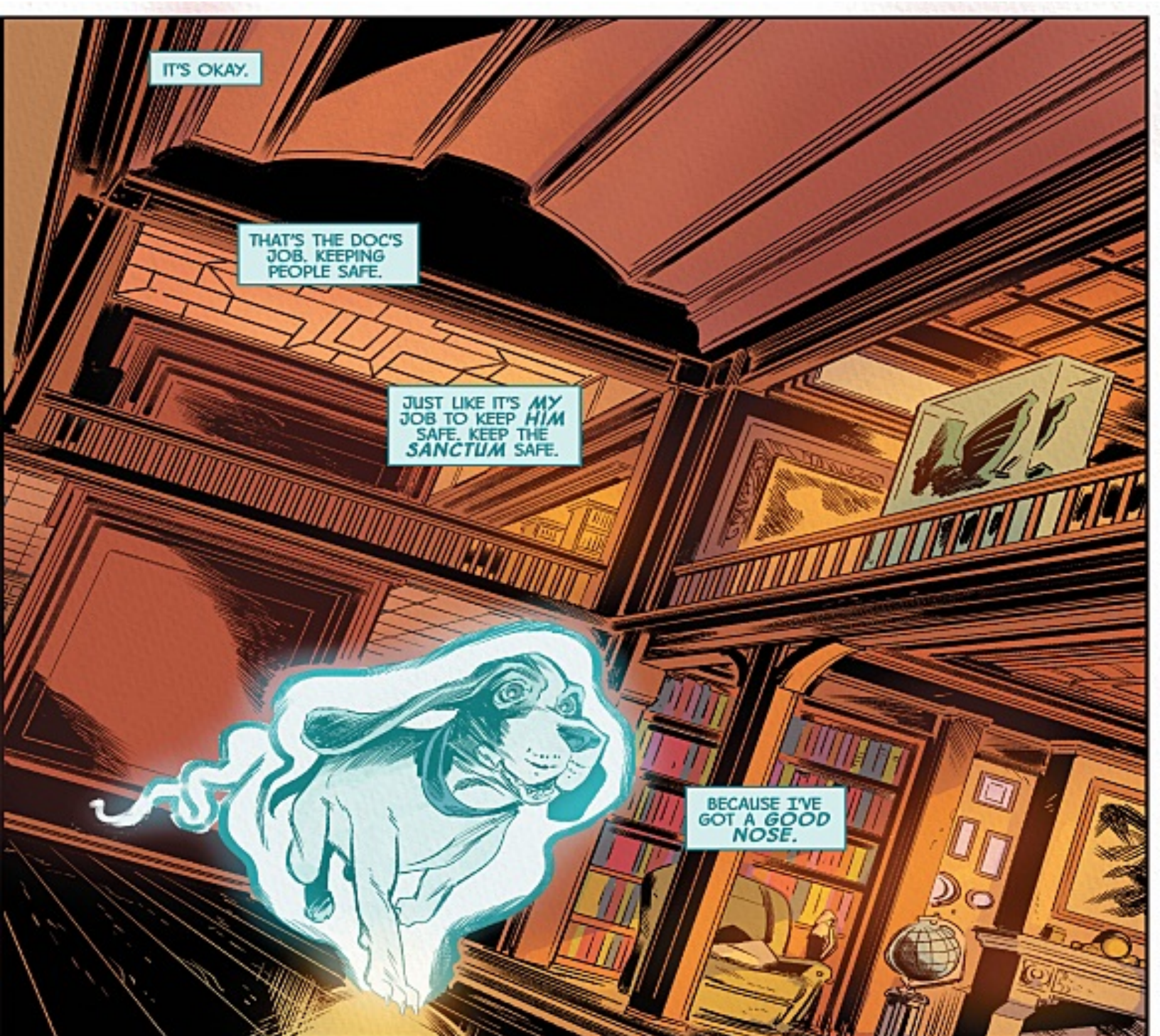
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DOCTOR STRANGE, CREATED BY STAN LEE & STEVE DITKO



IT'S OKAY.

THAT'S THE DOC'S
JOB. KEEPING
PEOPLE SAFE.

JUST LIKE IT'S *MY*
JOB TO KEEP *HIM*
SAFE. KEEP THE
SANCTUM SAFE.

BECAUSE I'VE
GOT A GOOD
NOSE.



AND IT'S TELLIN' ME THAT
THERE'S SOMETHING *BAD*
RUNNING AROUND.

I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
IT IS YET...



...BUT IT
STINKS.



HAHAHA!
HEY, I SEEN A
TALKING GHOST
DOG, HOW
ABOUT THAT?

AND SOME
SPOOKILY
HANDSOME
SNAKES!
HAHAHA—

FORGET IT.
THANKS FOR
NOTHING!

HEY,
COME
BACK!

WE
GOT MORE
MATERIAL!

SNAKES.

BUNCHA
NO-GOODS.
NOT LIKE A
GOOD DOG.

AND WHATEVER
ELSE I AM, I'M
A GOOD DOG.

AND I'M
GOING TO SHOW
EVERYONE WHY.



--IS WHAT I'M SAYING!

THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE SANCTUM! I CAN SMELL IT!



HMM.

WHILE THE SANCTUM CAN BE DANGEROUS, I WOULD KNOW IF SOMETHING ENTERED.

NOTHING CAN CROSS THE BOUNDARIES WITHOUT MY NOTICE.



OH YEAH?

WHAT ABOUT THE BLACK CAT?

*BLACK CAT (2019) #21 --DS



THAT WAS DIFFERENT. SHE HAD THE AID OF XANDER THE MERCILESS--

"SHE"?

AM I TO ASSUME THAT STRANGE WOMEN ENTERING YOUR HOME IS A REGULAR OCCURRENCE?



--AND BESIDES, I BELIEVE SHE ALSO FOOLED MY FAITHFUL GUARD DOG, DID SHE NOT?

OKAY, SHE TRICKED ME! SO WHAT?!

THE SNAKES JUST LET HER IN-- SHE DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TO TRICK THEM!

SNITCH!

RATI







COME ON!
SHOW ME WHERE
IT HAPPENED!

I MEAN, I
WAS THINKING
MAYBE YOU COULD
TELL THE DOC. HE'D
BELIEVE YOU.

WE GOTTA
CATCH THIS
SHADOW!



WE
CAN DO
IT!

THEN THE
SANCTUM WILL BE
SAFE! THE DOC'LL
BE SAFE!

JUST--WE
JUST GOTTA
GET HIM
BACK.

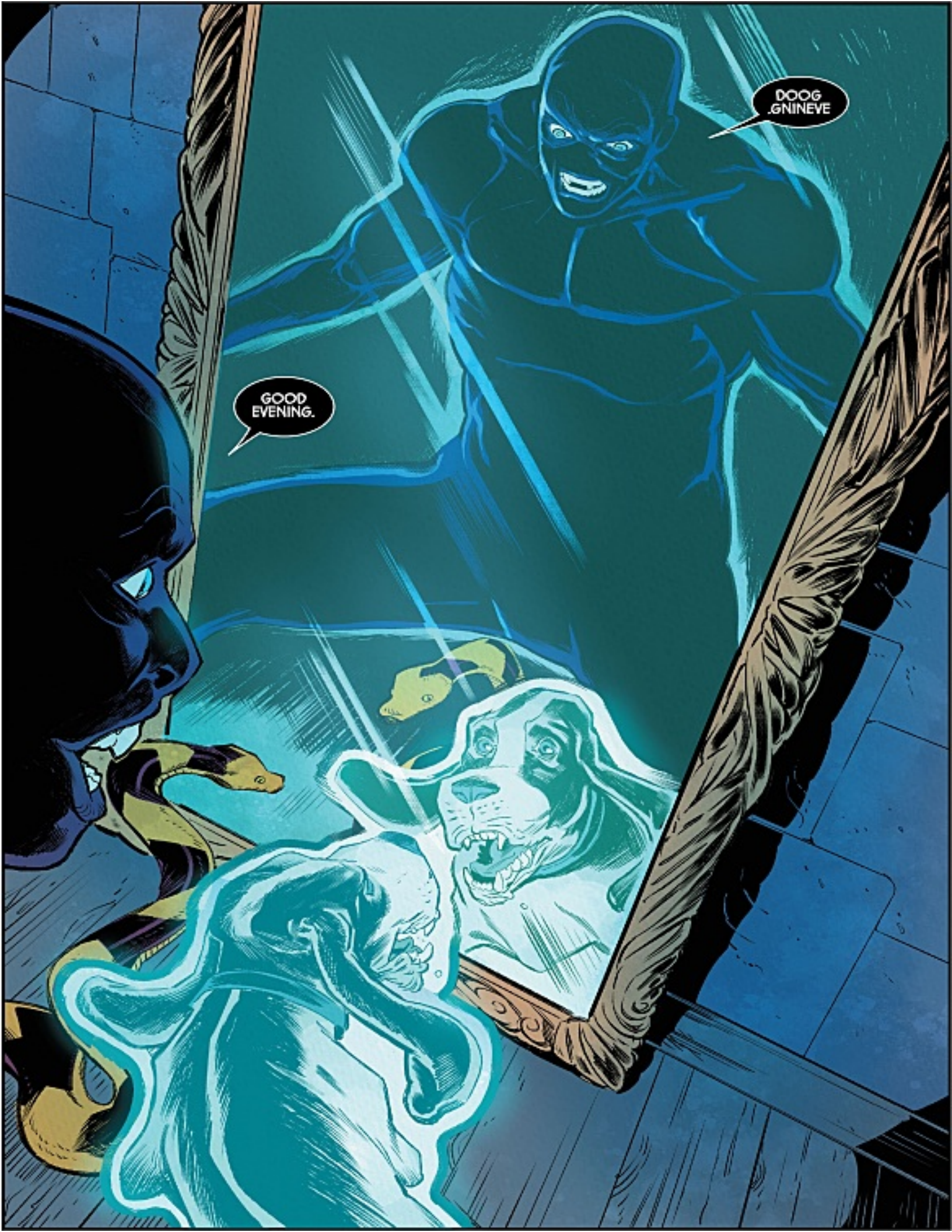


I DON'T
LIKE BEING
THE ONLY
SNAKE.

DON'T
WORRY!

I'VE SEEN
THE DOC SAVE
THE DAY ALL
KINDS OF
TIMES!





DOOG
GNINEVE

GOOD
EVENING.





MY
NAME IS VICTOR
STRANGE.



YOU ARE,
OF COURSE, BOTH
PARTS OF MY
BROTHER'S STORY,
AS AM I.

BUT
I?



I AM THE
VILLAIN.



THE
BROTHER HE
FAILED.

THE
VAMPIRE HE
CREATED.

THE
GHOST HE
IGNORED.

IT'S PERFECT,
IS IT NOT?
DRENCHED IN
DRAMA.

AND
EVER SINCE,
IMPRISONED
HERE.

TRAPPED IN
THE MIRRORS
OF THE SANCTUM
SANCTORUM.



TRAPPED IN
THE CRYPT OF
SHADOWS.

UNTIL I
ESCAPED.*



MY LIFE
WAS TAKEN
FROM ME.

MY
FREEDOM, MY
VERY HEART.

AND ALL
THAT WAS LEFT...
WERE THE
STORIES.



DOC!

DOOOOOOC!



GLUCK!

NO, I
DON'T THINK
THAT I'LL ALLOW
YOU TO CALL MY
DEAR OLDER
BROTHER.

NOT UNTIL
THE STORY
REACHES ITS
END.





NO!

NO!

I'M
GONNA GET
YOU--!

OH,
BATS.

I DON'T
THINK YOU
WILL. NOT TRAPPED
IN THE CRYPT OF
SHADOWS LIKE
I WAS.



AND STEPHEN
WON'T KNOW
I'M HERE UNTIL I
CHOOSE TO
REVEAL
MYSELF.

BECAUSE HE
IS SO CERTAIN
THAT NOTHING HAS
COME INTO HIS HOUSE
WITHOUT HIS
KNOWLEDGE.



BUT I
WAS HERE ALL
ALONG.

AND NOW I
AM FREE TO GO
WHERE THE STORY
TAKES ME.

MORNING.

COFFEE,
DARLING?

YES,
PLEASE.
DARK—

DARK
DIMENSION
ROAST, OF
COURSE.



I WONDER
WHAT THAT
SNAKE WAS
UP TO LAST
NIGHT.

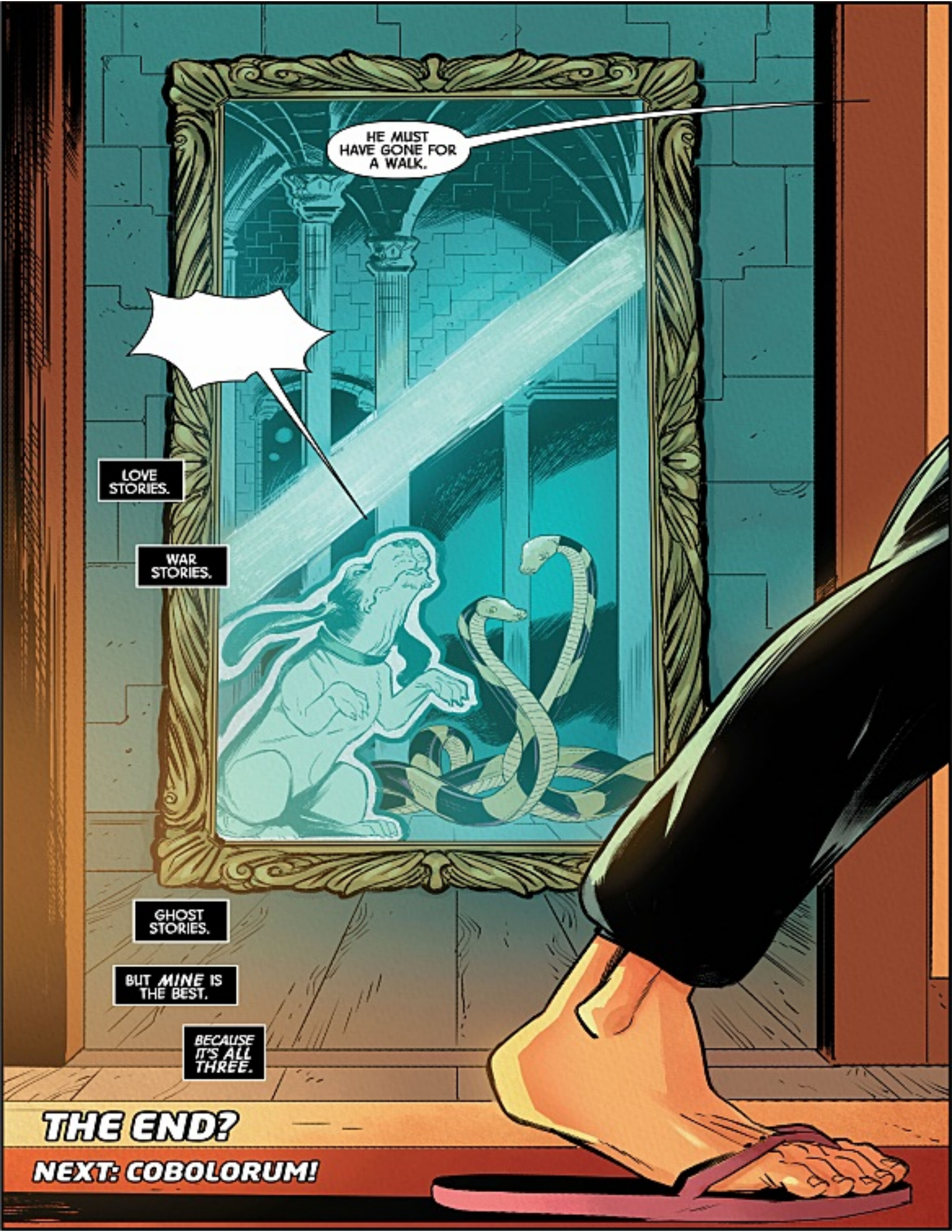
WAS IT
ANTON? OR
ALEISTER?

I CAN
NEVER
TELL THEM
APART.

PERHAPS
BATS COULD
TELL ME.

NOW,
WHERE
IS HE?





HE MUST
HAVE GONE FOR
A WALK.

LOVE
STORIES.

WAR
STORIES.

GHOST
STORIES.

BUT *MINE* IS
THE BEST.

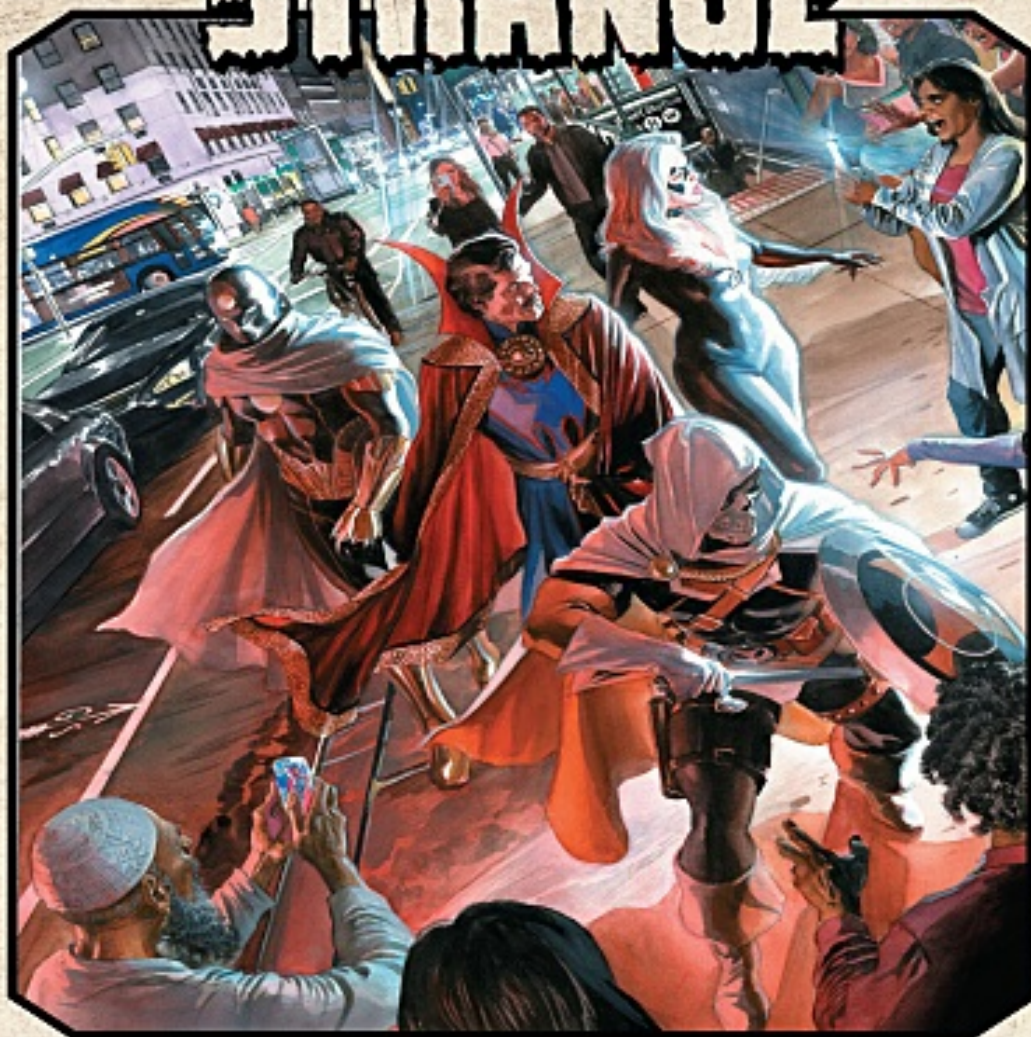
BECAUSE
IT'S ALL
THREE.

THE END?

NEXT: COBOLORUM!

NEXT:

DOCTOR STRANGE #13



MEET THE NEW SECRET DEFENDERS!

A sentient role-playing game has transformed New York City into a fantasy world! To save lives and reverse the spell, Doctor Strange must gather a team of Secret Defenders. Will he be able to lead Black Cat, Taskmaster and Hunter's Moon as a team before it's too late?

EMAIL US AT MHEROES@MARVEL.COM AND MARK "OKAY TO PRINT!"

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